

THE ARIEL.

A SEMIMONTHLY LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS GAZETTE.

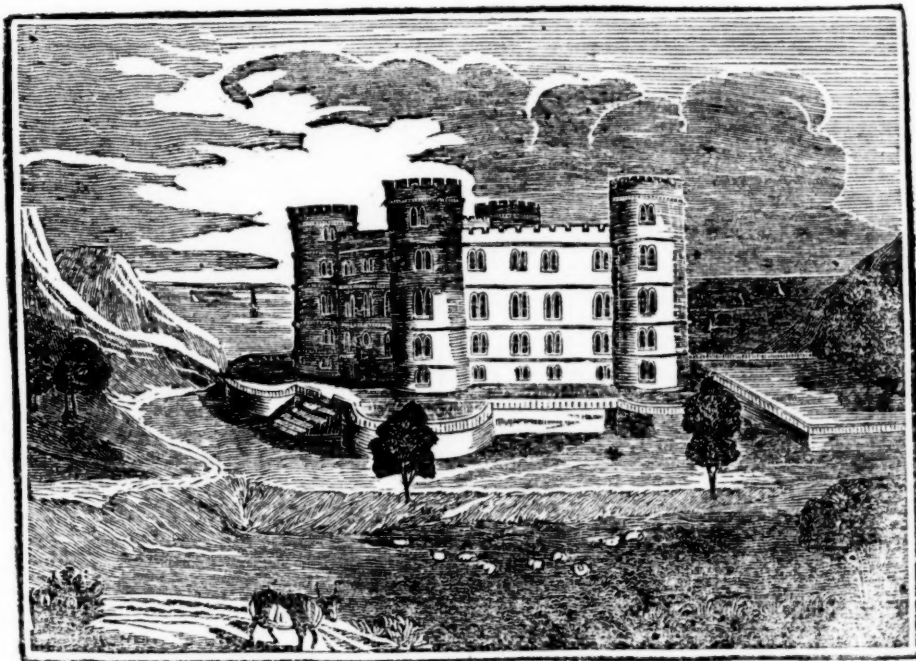
TO LEARNING'S SHRINE A CARE SOUGHT GIFT WE BRING, RICH WITH THE BLOSSOMS OF PERPETUAL SPRING.

VOL. V.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 23, 1831.

NO. 3.

LULLWORTH CASTLE, DORSET,



THE PRESENT RESIDENCE OF CHARLES, EX-KING OF FRANCE.

We are happy in being able to lay before our readers an engraved view of Lullworth Castle, the present residence of the dethroned Charles. This engraving is but the first of a series which we hope to lay before our patrons from time to time, embracing views in our own country, as well as others in all quarters of the world.

The "sweet uses of adversity" invest the above engraving with peculiar interest at the present moment. The asylum of fallen royalty has some attraction, however lowly the "divinity" which "doth hedge a king," may be rated. The Castle itself is, moreover, a place of note, and is what topographers call "a noble pile." It occupies an eminence in the south-east corner of an extensive park, and commands a fine view of the sea from an opening between the hills, as well as extensive inland prospects. The coast, too, is of great natural beauty; for every tourist must remember the Cove, or beautiful basin of Lullworth, and the arched rocks in its vicinity. The present Castle of Lullworth is not of any great antiquity, but is supposed to be on or near the site of a castle mentioned as far back as the year 1146. The materials for building it were brought principally from the ruins of Bindon Abbey, not very distant. The foundation was laid in the year 1588; and the structure, except its internal decorations, finished in 1609: the latter were not completed till after the year 1641, when the ancestor of the present owner, James Weld, Esq. purchased the estate. Perhaps we cannot do better than quote the general description of the Castle from Hutchins's History of Dorset:—

"Lullworth Castle is an exact cube of eighty feet, with a round tower at each corner, thirty feet in diameter, and rising sixteen feet above the walls,

which, as well as the towers, are embattled. The walls are six feet thick; the offices are under ground, arched with stone. The house has three stories, but the towers four: in each front are three rows of four windows; in the towers are four rows, of three each, exclusive of the offices. The hall and dining-room are large; and the rooms are in general eighteen feet high. In the apartments are some family portraits, executed by the celebrated Sir Peter Lely. The principal front is on the east, and faced with Chilmark stone; before it was a large court, now laid into a lawn leading to the landing-place, which is guarded by a balustrade of stone, called the Cloisters, because paved with the stones from the cloisters of Bindon Abbey. Over the doors are statues of two ancient Romans, in their gowns. On each side of the door, which is supported by four pillars of the Ionic order, is a large niche, and over them two shields, on which are the arms of Weld, properly blazoned. In the niches are the statues of Music and Painting."

☞ We had prepared for this number of the Ariel, a beautiful copperplate engraving of the village of Lockport, N. Y. on the Clinton Canal.—The plate is already printed, but being unable to procure a suitable description to accompany it, in time for this number, we have concluded to postpone it until our next. In the mean time we furnish a well executed engraving on wood, of a scene calculated to interest all of our readers.

ON WOMAN.

Oh, woman! thou art frail as fair,
Thy promises are "light as air,"
Thy breast a heaven without a heart in,
Thy love—my eye and Betty Martin!

THE TRAVELLER.**CAPTAIN BEECHY'S VOYAGE TO BEHRING'S STRAIT.**

The perusal of this volume throughout has afforded us unmingled pleasure. The story is so well told, and the information is of so interesting a nature, that it is like proceeding along an agreeable path, with something at every turn to stop at and admire. But the more our gratification has been increased, we have felt the more our want of power to do justice to the highly-gifted author's narrative. The more perfect his pictures are, the less do we find ourselves competent to reduce them within our miniature size; the more finished his descriptions, the less will they bear to be broken into insulated fragments. We must, therefore, after all, be satisfied with performing a very imperfect duty towards a volume of very superior excellence.

With his code of instructions in his "locker," our gallant and intelligent Captain sailed from Spithead on the 19th of May, 1825, in the *Blossom*, of twenty-six, but mounting sixteen guns, carefully fitted out for the voyage, and with a compliment of 110 persons; the object to meet Captain Parry or Captain Franklin in Behring's Strait, should the naval expedition of the former, or the land expedition of the latter, succeed in reaching that outlet to the Pacific. And as the *Blossom* in her route would traverse a portion of the globe hitherto little examined, her commander was directed to explore and survey these parts, with the view to the furtherance of navigation and general science; the task could not have been intrusted to abler hands. With such a trip before us, our first tack is to double Cape Horn. Quitting the coast of Chili, the island of Sala-y-Gomez was inspected through the glasses, and the ship bore away for Easter Island.

"As the boats approached, the anxiety of the natives was manifested by shouts, which overpowered the voices of the officers; and our boats, before they gained the beach, were surrounded by hundreds of swimmers, clinging to the gunwale, the stern and the rudder, until they became unmanageable. They all appeared to be friendly disposed, and none came empty-handed. Bananas, yams, potatoes, sugar-cane, nets, idols, &c., were offered for sale, and some were even thrown into the boat, leaving their visitors to make what return they chose. Among the swimmers there were a great many females, who were equally or more anxious to get into the boats than the men, and made use of every persuasion, to induce the crew to admit them. But, to have acceded to their entreaties would have encumbered the party, and subjected them to depredations. As it was, the boats were so weighed down by persons clinging to them, that for personal safety the crew were compelled to have recourse to sticks to keep them off, at which none of the natives took offence, but regained their position the instant the attention of the persons in the boat was called to some other object. Just within the gunwale there were many small things which were highly prized among the swimmers; and the boats being brought low in the water by the crowd hanging to

them, many of these articles were stolen, notwithstanding the most vigilant attention on the part of the crew, who had no means of recovering them, the marauders darting into the water, and diving the moment they committed the theft. The women were not less active in these piracies than the men; for if they were not the actual plunderers, they procured the opportunity for others, by engrossing the attention of the seamen, by their caresses and ludicrous gestures. In proceeding to the landing-place the boats had to pass a small isolated rock which rose several feet above the water. As many females as could possibly find room crowded upon this eminence pressing together so closely, that the rock appeared to be a mass of living beings. Of these Nereids three or four would shoot off at a time into the water, and swim with the expertness of fish to the boats to try their influence on their visitors. One of them, a very young girl, and less accustomed to the water than her companions, was taken upon the shoulders of an elderly man, conjectured to be her father, and was, by him, recommended to the attention of one of the officers, who, in compassion allowed her a seat in the boat. She was young and exceedingly pretty; her features were small and well made, her eyes dark, and her hair black, long, and flowing; her color, deep brunette. She was tattooed in arches upon the forehead, and, like the greater part of her country-women, from the waist downward to the knee in narrow compact blue lines, which at a short distance had the appearance of breeches. Her only covering was a small triangular maro, made of grass and rushes; but this diminutive screen not agreeing with her ideas of propriety in the novel situation in which she found herself, she remedied the defect by unceremoniously appropriating to that use a part of one of the officer's apparel, and then commenced a song not altogether inharmonious. Far from being jealous of her situation, she aided all her country-women who aspired to the same seat of honor with herself, by dragging them out of the water by the hair of the head; but, unkind as it might appear to interfere to prevent this, it was necessary to do so, or the boats would have been filled and unmanageable. As our party passed, the assemblage of females on the rock commenced a song similar to that chanted by the lady in the boat; and accompanied it by extending their arms over their heads, beating their breasts, and performing a variety of gestures, which showed that our visits were acceptable, at least to that part of the community. When the boats were within wading distance of the shore, they were closely encompassed by the natives; each bringing something in his hand, however small, and almost every one importuning for an equivalent return. All those in the water were naked, and only here and there, on the shore, a thin cloak of the native cloth was to be seen. Some had their faces painted black, some red; others black and white, or red and white, in the ludicrous manner practised by our clowns; and two demon-like monsters were painted entirely black. It is not easy to imagine the picture that was presented by that motley

crowd, unrestrained by any authority or consideration for their visitors, all hallooing to the extent of their lungs, and pressing upon the boats with all sorts of grimaces and gestures. It was found impossible to land where it was first intended: the boats, therefore rowed a little to the northward, followed by the multitude, and there effected a disembarkation, aided by some of the natives, who helped the party over the rocks with one hand, while they picked their pockets with the other. It was no easy matter to penetrate the dense multitude, and much less practicable to pursue a thief through the labyrinth of figures that thronged around. The articles stolen were consequently as irretrievably lost here, as they were before in the hands of the divers. It is extremely difficult on such occasions to decide which is the best line of conduct to adopt, whether to follow Captain Cook's rigid maxim of never permitting a theft when clearly ascertained, to go unpunished; or to act as Perouse did with the inhabitants of Easter Island, and suffer every thing to be stolen without resistance or remonstrance. Perhaps the happy medium of shutting the eyes to those it is not necessary to observe, and punishing severely such as it is imperative to notice, will prove the wisest policy. Among the foremost of the crowd were two men, crowned with pelican's feathers, who, if they were not chiefs, assumed a degree of authority, and with the two demons above mentioned attempted to clear the way by striking at the feet of the mob; careful, however, so to direct their blows, that they should not take effect. Without their assistance, it would have been almost impossible to land: the mob cared very little for threats: a musket presented at them had no effect beyond the moment it was levelled, and was less efficacious than some water thrown upon the bystanders by those persons who wished to forward the views of our party. The gentleman who disembarked first, and from that circumstance probably was considered a person of distinction, was escorted to the top of the bank and seated upon a large block of lava, which was the prescribed limit to the party's advance. An endeavor was then made to form a ring about him; but it was very difficult, on account of the islanders crowding to the place, all in expectation of receiving something. The applicants were impatient, noisy, and urgent; they presented their bags, which they had carefully emptied for the purpose, and signified their desire that they should be filled: they practised every artifice and stole what they could, in the most careless and open manner: some went even farther, and accompanied their demands by threats. About this time one of the natives, probably a chief, with a cloak and head-dress of feathers, was observed from the ship hastening from the huts to the landing-place, attended by several persons with short clubs. This hostile appearance, followed by the blowing of a conch-shell, a sound which Cook observes he never knew to portend good, kept our glasses for a while rivetted to the spot. To this chief it is supposed, for it was impossible to distinguish amongst the crowd, Mr. Peard made a handsome pre-

sent, with which he was very well pleased, and no apprehension of hostilities was entertained. It happened, however, that the presents were expended, and this officer was returning to the boat for a fresh supply, when the natives, probably mistaking his intentions, became exceedingly clamorous; and the confusion was further increased by a marine endeavoring to regain his cap which had been snatched from his head. The natives took advantage of the confusion, and redoubled their endeavors to pilfer, which our party were at last obliged to repel by threats, and sometimes by force. At length they became so audacious, that there was no longer any doubt of their intentions, or that a system of open plunder had commenced; which with the appearance of clubs and sticks, and the departure of the women, induced Mr. Peard, very judiciously, to order his party into the boats. This seemed to be the signal for an assault. The chief who had received the present, threw a large stone, which struck Mr. Peard forcibly upon the back, and was immediately followed by a shower of missiles which darkened the air. The natives in the water and about the boats, instantly withdrew to their comrades, who had run behind a bank out of the reach of the muskets; which former experience alone could have taught them to fear, for none had yet been fired by us. The stones, each of which weighed about a pound, fell incredibly thick, and with such precision, that several of the seamen were knocked down under the thwarts of the boat; and every person was more or less wounded, except the female to whom Lieutenant Wainwright had given protection, who, as if aware of the skilfulness of her countrymen, sat unconcerned upon the gunwale, until one of the officers, with more consideration for her safety than she herself possessed, pushed her overboard, and she swam ashore. A blank cartridge was at first fired over the heads of the crowd: but forbearance, which with savages is generally mistaken for cowardice or inability, only augmented their fury. The showers of stones were, if possible, increased; until the personal safety of all, rendered it necessary to resort to severe measures. The chief, still urging the islanders on, very deservedly, and perhaps fortunately, fell a victim to the first shot that was fired in defence. Terrified by this example, the natives kept closer under their bulwark; and though they continued to throw stones, and occasioned considerable difficulty in extricating the boats, their attacks were not so effectual as before, nor sufficient to prevent the embarkation of the crew, all of whom were got on board. Several dangerous contusions were received in the affray; but fortunately no lives were lost on our part; and it was the opinion of the officer commanding the party, that the treacherous chief was the only victim on that of the islanders, though some of the officers thought they observed another man fall. Considering the manner in which the party were surrounded, and the imminent risk to which they were exposed, it is extraordinary that so few of the natives suffered; and the greatest credit is due to the officers and crews of both boats for their forbearance on the occasion.—After this unfortunate and unexpected termin-

ation to our interview, I determined upon quitting the island; as nothing of importance was to be gained by remaining, which could be put in competition with the probable loss of lives that might attend an attempt at reconciliation. The disappointment it occasioned was great to us, who had promised ourselves much novelty and enjoyment; but the loss to the public is trifling, as the island has been very well described by Roggewein, Cook, Perouse, Kotzebue, and others; and the people appeared, in all material points, the same at the present time as these authors have described them.

Captain Beechy attributes the hostile disposition of the natives, and the unfortunate consequences, to the visits of unprincipled masters of trading vessels, whose conduct has been such as to inspire the people with jealousy and hatred.

After visiting Ducie and some other islands, the Blossom arrived at Pitcairn Island. Here old Adams, in his sixty-fifth year, immediately came on board. He was (we are told, and it is corroborated by an interesting engraving of him,) unusually strong and active for his age, notwithstanding the inconvenience of considerable corpulency. He was dressed in a sailor's shirt and trousers, and a low crowned hat, which he instinctively held in his hand, until desired to put it on. He still retained his sailor's gait, doffing his hat and smoothing down his bald forehead, whenever he was addressed by the officers. It was the first time he had been on board a ship of war since the mutiny, and his mind naturally reverted to scenes that could not fail to produce a temporary embarrassment, heightened, perhaps, by the familiarity with which he found himself addressed by persons of a class with those whom he had been accustomed to obey. Apprehension for his safety formed no part of his thoughts; he had received too many demonstrations of the good feeling that existed towards him, both on the part of the British government and of individuals, to entertain any alarm on that head; and as every person on board endeavored to set his mind at rest, he very soon made himself at home. Our readers are aware that this remarkable individual is since dead.

SELECT TALES.

SYMPTOMS.

One day, as I was walking in the garden with Mrs. Mandeville and the females of the family, it came into my head that Emily would like to have a beautiful moss rose that I had just gathered: Thinks I to myself I'll go and stick it in her bosom:—at this very moment I had such an extraordinary seizure of the bumping at my heart that I was ready to drop; but what appeared to me more strange was, that I could not go to her, do what I would; for the first time in my life, I felt a sort of dread of her. While Mrs. Mandeville had been questioning me about the ball at Nicotium Castle, a little before, I thought she looked displeased with me; and when I expected it of her as a friend, that she would have liked to hear of the notice that had been taken of me, I observed she walked quite away;—I had never quar-

reled with her in all my life, nor she with me; I would have done any thing to have served her, or pleased her; and now that I felt afraid of her, I still wanted to serve her, and please her more than ever. Thinks I to myself, certainly I am bewitched;—soon after she came up to us of her own accord; Thinks I to myself, now I'll give the rose; so I went to her with it, and was going to offer it, but my tongue suddenly got so perfectly dry in my mouth, that I'll be hanged if I could speak a word: Thinks I to myself, I am certainly going to die. I was so frightened, I got away as soon after as I could; but the bumping continued all the way home, worse, I think than ever. I was afraid to tell my mother of it, because I knew she would send for Dr. Bolus, and that always ended in such severe and long continued discipline, generally beginning with an emetic, which tore me to pieces, that I always kept my maladies to myself as long as I could.

As my sister had just come home, I asked her about it; but she only laughed at me, tho' I could not tell why: I got into my father's library one morning, in order to try if I could find my case in any of the physical books there, of which he had a store. I looked into a good many, just running over the symptoms of each, which caught my eye, as being in capital letters thus, SYMPTOMS—and it is past all conception what a variety of diseases I seemed to have: for to look for bumping only, was nothing; the more I read, the more symptoms I detected;—I was not aware of the hundredth part of what I suffered, till the book suggested them;—I plainly saw my case to be (at least I thought so then) a complication of all the classes, orders, genera, and species of disease, that had ever afflicted the race of man. As I went along and questioned myself as to the several symptoms of the different disorders as laid down in the book, I found I had not only bumpings, but dreadful pains in the head and loins, with a weariness of limbs, stretching, yawning, shivering, and shaking, which are pretty plain signs, as any body must allow, of an approaching fever. I had a rigor or chilliness, pains in my back difficulty in breathing, I had a violent pricking pain in one of my sides, deep down among my ribs, which was manifestly a pleurisy or peripneumony; I could not exactly discern which: I had violent flushing in the face, disturbed sleep, and a singing in my ears, which seemed to me to indicate a prentis. I had a painful tension on the right side also, opposite the pricking pain in my left, under the false ribs, which I knew at once to be a disordered liver; in short I kept looking and looking, till I was evidently convinced I had not a sound part about me; and I should, I am persuaded, have taken to my bed, and died, to the great joy of Mrs Fidget, if it had not been that I rather wished to die. Ever since Emily Mandeville had looked grave at me, I had felt as bold as a lion about dying, and will venture to say, could have resolutely walked into the very arms of old Drybones with his hour glass, had I met him any where in my walks.

I did, however, take a little medicine, by advice of the books, picked up here and there. I managed to buy some ipecacuanha, asafetida,

glauber salts, and compound tincture of senna, which I mixed up with a small parcel of Jalap, and some soccotrine aloes, (not very regularly I confess, for I knew nothing of the proper portions.) I took a tea spoon full night and morning, for three days, which so effectually moved my stomach as to give me, as I thought, the fairest chance of a perfect recovery; however, it was not so: I could not reach that bumping after all, which occurred so instantaneously upon the smallest recollection of Emily Mandeville, that, had she been old and ugly, or had she ever been seen in the air, or on a broom, it must have convinced me, that she was the exact person that had bewitched me. I continued in this state for some days after my sister's return home; during which time Miss Twist came often to see her in her carriage, and Emily Mandeville once on foot: I could plainly perceive that though the latter did not at all mind coming on foot, the former was very proud indeed of coming in her carriage; but what was odd, even this difference between the two, as soon as I perceived it; brought on the bumping at my heart; Thinks I to myself, Emily shall ride in her carriage too.

I know not how long I might have remained in this miserably uncertain state, had it not been for the most unlooked for accident that ever befel one in my sad condition. One day that Miss Twist had dined with us, she and my sister, in the evening, were playing and singing at the piano forte. They both sung extremely well, only Miss Twist was so abominably affected, that I could not bear to look at her while she sung, but stood at a distance generally, listening to the words. Music I delighted in, especially, I found, since the first attack of my bumping—there were some tunes so exquisitely soothing and delightful, I could scarce hear them; and some of the words of the songs seemed to me to touch my complaint; Miss Twist, I perceived, had a particular knack in fixing upon such songs; at last there came one that completely opened my poor dull eyes; the two first verses were sufficient; I had not made complete experiment of all; but my eyes were opened, as I say: Thinks I to myself, that's enough, as I whispered to my sister to beg her to repeat it. I could not help marking every word, the second time, and accompanying them with my usual soliloquies.

"When Delia on the plain appears,"
sung Miss Twist:—Thinks I to myself, when Emily Mandeville walks in the garden,

"Awed by a thousand tender fears,
I would approach, but dared not move."

Thinks I to myself, symptoms!—the exact case to a hair! never was any thing more plain!

"Tell me, my heart, if this be love!"

Yes, undoubtedly! Neither fever, nor pleurisy, nor peripneumony, nor phrenitis, nor a diseased liver, but love! downright love. My eyes were open—I saw.

A Frenchman, in his recently published "Tour through England," remarks that "punch in all shapes is a great favorite with the English:—punch is his favorite liquor—punch his favorite entertainment—and a *punch on the head* his favorite argument."

From the Edinburgh Literary Journal.

THE DEMON LADY.

Again in my chamber!
Again in my bed!
With thy smile sweet as sunshine,
And hand cold as lead!
I know thee, I know thee,
Nay, start not, my sweet,
These golden robes shrank up,
And show'd me thy feet.
These golden robes shrank up,
And taffety thin,
While out crept the symbols
Of Death and of Sin!

Bright, beautiful devil,
Pass, pass from me now;
For the damp dew of death
Gathers thick on my brow:
And bind up thy girdle,
Nor beauties disclose
More dazzling white
Than the wreath drifted snows;
And away with thy kisses;
My heart waxes sick,
As thy red lips, like worms,
Travel over my cheek!

Ha, press me no more with
That passionless hand,
'Tis whiter than milk, or
The foam on the strand:
'Tis softer than down, or
The silken-leaf'd flower;
But colder than ice thrills
Its touch at this hour.
Like the finger of Death
From cerements unroll'd,
Thy hand on my heart falls
Dull, clammy, and cold.

Nor bend o'er my pillow—
Thy raven black hair
O'ershadows my brow with
A deeper despair;
These ringlets thick falling
Spread fire through my brain,
And my temples are throbbing
With madness again.
The moonlight! the moonlight!
The deep winding bay!
There are two on that lone strand,
And a ship far away!

In its silence and beauty,
Its passion and power,
Love breathed o'er the land,
Like the soul of a flower.
The billows were chiming
On pale yellow sands;
And moonshine was gleaming
On small ivory hands.
There were bowers by the brook's brink,
And flowers bursting free;
There were hot lips to suck forth
A lost soul from me.

Now, mountain and meadow,
Frith, forest and river
Are mingling with shadows—
Are lost to me ever.
The sunlight is fading,
Small birds seek their rest;
While happy hearts, flower-like,
Sink sinless to rest.
But I?—'tis no matter;—
Ay, kiss cheek and chin;
Kiss—kiss—thou hast won me,
Bright, beautiful Sin!

BIOGRAPHY.

DAVID CROCKETT.

We copy from the Winchester (Virginia) Republican, the annexed notice of the celebrated Col. Crockett, of Tennessee.

He is a self-made man—a practical Legislator. For many years he drove a wagon from Berkeley county in Virginia, to Baltimore, and in that school which gave him so many opportunities of studying human nature in the lower walks of life, he laid the foundation for his future course in the halls of Congress. Becoming in time, the owner of a team, he commenced the Tennessee trade, which opened a wider field of observation and adventure, while its profits yielded a lucrative reward. His social and convivial habits, rendered him the pride of his fellow wagoners; while his shrewdness and judgment made him the umpire in every disputed point that rose among them. The influence which he thus acquired was always exercised with prudence and generosity. In the quarrels which frequently arose between the wagoners and the inhabitants living on the route, his authority was appealed to by both sides, and his decisions acquiesced in by both parties with perfect submission.

Becoming wearied, at length, with the toilsome occupation he had so long though successfully pursued, he withdrew to a farm in the mountains of Tennessee, where he soon obtained among his neighbors a supremacy as great as that which he had previously held among the wagoners. At the first trial he was elected to the house of assembly, where he attracted the general gaze by his grotesque appearance, his rough manners, and jovial habits, at the same time that he exhibited uncommon indications of a strong though undisciplined mind. He became, indeed, an object of universal notoriety; and to return from the capital without having seen Col. Crockett, betrayed a total destitution of curiosity, and a perfect insensibility to the "lions" of the West.

Without further noticing Col. C's course in the legislature, where he continued for several years, we shall briefly sketch the manner in which he got into Congress. It was understood that two gentlemen intended offering for the seat, between whom an irreconcilable variance existed. Upon the annunciation of one of them, the other, as a burlesque upon his abilities, caused the nomination of Mr. Crockett, who lived in the district, to appear in the same paper—the two annunciations being placed in juxtaposition in order to lessen the character of the real candidate. The author of the burlesque remained behind the curtain, chuckling at the success which he fancied would follow, in the defeat of his rival. On the newspapers being shown to Col. Crockett, he at once saw through the plot, and instantly determined to become a *bona fide* candidate, simply to put down what he considered a base manoeuvre against an honorable man. He accordingly commenced the canvass in good earnest, rode over the fourteen counties of the district, sought out the wagoners and rustic mountaineers—in short, electioneered with such success that he was elected by a triumphant majority over both his competitors. He has since been opposed, but has never lost any of his popularity, and it is questionable whether he is not as much deified by his constituents as General Jackson himself. This, however, will soon be tested, as he has come out against the General, and is a candidate for re-election.

We have gathered the foregoing sketch of Col. C's history from a gentleman of this county, who accidentally fell in with the Colonel last winter as he was proceeding to Congress. This meeting was somewhat singular, and perhaps worth relating. It was a rainy afternoon, when a stranger was observed to pass through the little village of Nineveh, at an easy pace, apparently unconscious of, or wholly indifferent to, the rain which was falling. Our informant mounted his horse shortly after, and soon overtook the stranger. They entered into conversation, when our friend soon discovered that his companion was no ordinary man—not that there was any thing extraordinary in his conversational powers; but they were unique and peculiar—unlike any he had ever before witnessed. He became more and more interested, and was gratified on the stranger's acceptance of an invitation to spend the night at his house, situated two or three miles from the road. After alighting, the wonder increased who the guest could be, and ran throughout the family. Curiosity had become highly excited as the stranger continued to discourse marvellously, until at length something fell from him which led his host to exclaim?—Why, you must be Col. Crockett! I am, was the emphatic reply. Col. Crockett! Col. Crockett! ran in whispers through the whole household, while the imposing words, a Member of Congress! caused the children to look with awe and reverence. Their shyness, however, soon wore off, as the Colonel took them on his knee and played with and caressed them. Being thus at home, his spirits flowed forth in their natural lightness and buoyancy. He went over his early history—his career in the legislature of Tennessee—his election to Congress in the manner we have related—told the story of his dining at Mr. Adams's, a caricature description of which, went the rounds of the newspapers in 1828—avowed freely his political opinions,—that he had forsaken Gen. Jackson, finding he was not the man he expected him to be—spoke of the abuses of government, and held the whole family willing auditors until after midnight. In the morning he departed for Washington, where on the floor of Congress, he boldly proclaimed the sentiments he had privately avowed.

Many years since in Tennessee there was a season of great scarcity of corn. Col. Crockett foreseeing this, or from some other motive, purchased up a large quantity. It rose to a very high price. Numerous were the applications to the Colonel to sell. The following is the substance of a good many dialogues upon the subject:—

Purchaser.—Have you any corn to sell, Colonel Crockett?

C.—Yes, I have more than I shall plant; how much do you want?

P.—Ten barrels.

C.—Have you got the money to pay down for it?

P.—Yes; here it is.

C.—Then I have no corn to sell you: all the corn that I can spare, is for those that cannot pay for it!

'How you do Cuff?' said a colored gemmen to one of his *crow-nics* the other day. 'Why you no come see a feller? If I lib as near you as you do to me, I'd come to see ebery day.'— 'O caus,' replied smut, 'my wife patcha my trowserloos so all to pieces, I shamed to go no wheres.'

From the Encyclopedia Americana.

FOOTE, Samuel, a comic writer and actor, was born about 1721, at Truro, in Cornwall. He was educated in Worcester-college, Oxford, and entered the Temple; but, after a course of dissipation, to which his small fortune fell a sacrifice, he turned his attention to the stage. He appeared first in Othello, but had little success as a tragedian, and soon struck out an untrodden path for himself in his double character of author and performer. In 1747, he opened the little theatre in Haymarket, with a dramatic piece, which he entitled the Diversions of the Morning. It consisted of some very humorous imitations of well known characters, in detached scenes, written by Foote, who always took the leading parts himself. It succeeded so well, that, in order to avoid the act for limiting the number of theatres, he repeated it under the title of Mr. Foote's giving Tea to his Friends. The Auction of Pictures, a similar device, proved equally successful; and thus, having discovered where his strength lay, he wrote several two act farces, which appeared from 1751 to 1757, under the titles of Taste, the Englishman in Paris, the Knights, the Englishman returned from Paris, and the Author.—From 1752 to 1761, he continued to perform at one of the winter theatres every season, generally for a stated number of nights, and usually to bring out some pieces of his own composition. His embarrassments compelled him, in 1760, to bring out his Minor, at the Haymarket, with such a company as he could hastily get together. Henceforward he pursued the scheme of constantly occupying the Haymarket theatre when the others were shut up, and, from 1762 to the season before his death, he regularly performed there. In 1763, he brought out his Mayor of Garrat, which was succeeded by the Patron and the Commissary, abounding in general and personal ridicule. In 1766, he was thrown from his horse, and fractured his leg in such a manner, that amputation was rendered necessary.—He soon, however, recovered his health and spirits, and even improved the incident to the suggestion of characters for his own acting. This accident also proved of service to his fortune, as it induced the duke of York to procure for him a patent for life of the Haymarket theatre. In 1775, the duchess of Kingston having made herself the topic of public conversation, Foote thought she would afford a happy subject for the stage, and wrote a part for her, under the character of lady Kitty Crocodile, in a new piece which he was composing, called the Trip to Calais. Taking care that his intention should reach her ears, a negociation was set on foot to prevent its execution for a pecuniary consideration. So much, however, was demanded, that the duchess exerted her influence with the lord chamberlain, and Foote was obliged to expunge the character from his drama. He was soon after assailed by a charge of an infamous nature, brought by a discarded man-servant, according to some accounts, instigated by female revenge. He was, however, acquitted, in full accordance with the sentiments of the judge; but he so felt the disgrace that his health declined, and a few months afterwards,

he was seized, on the stage, with a paralytic fit, which obliged him to retire and spend the summer at Brighton. He was taken suddenly ill at Dover, and died there in October, 1777. The character of Foote may be gathered from the foregoing sketch. Of delicacy or feeling he was wholly destitute; as a humorist, he was irresistible, which made him a constantly welcome guest at the tables of the gay and great; as a dramatic writer, he possessed the *vis comica* in a superlative degree, and there is a force and a nature in some of his comic delineations, which would not have discredited Moliere. With the exception of the Mayor of Garrat, none of his pieces, twenty in number, at present keep the stage. His works have been published in 4 vols., 12mo.

FORCIBLE ENTRY and DETAINER, in law is the violently taking and keeping possession of lands or tenements with arms or menaces, and without authority of law, whereby he who has the right of entry is kept out of possession. By the ancient common law, he who had the right of entry into lands, might make entry by force; but, this liberty being abused, a statute was passed in the time of Richard II, and subsequently other statutes, subjecting a party who should make forcible entry into lands to indictment, and provision has also been made for a summary process to be issued by two justices of the peace for the purpose of restoring the party thus forcibly expelled, or kept out of his lands, to the possession. Similar statutes have been passed in the U. States; so that the general rule is, that a person cannot get possession of lands, even if he has a right of entry, where another person is in peaceable possession, and ready to resist the owner, except by judgment of law. In other words, a man must apply to the courts for redress, and not undertake to right himself by violence.

FOUNDLING; a child abandoned by its parents, and found by strangers. Though infanticide was not punished among the ancient nations, yet natural feeling would prompt parents rather to expose their offspring, and leave their fate to accident. They usually selected places which were much frequented, where there was a greater chance of the child being saved. In Athens and Rome, they were exposed in particular places. In the 4th century, the emperors Valentinian, Valerius and Gratian prohibited this cruel practice, which is at present a crime by the laws of all civilized nations. Even in ancient times, the state provisions for the preservation of exposed children; but foundling hospitals are an institution of modern times. The foundling hospital in Paris was established in 1620, and, up to 1807, had received 464,628 children.—In France, the number of foundlings, in 1784, was 40,000; in 1798, more than 51,000, and, in 1822, 138,500. According to the author, the number of foundlings has increased, in the last 40 years, in almost all European countries, but in the greatest proportion in France. Foundling hospitals diminish not only the exposing of children, but also render infanticide and intentional abortion less fre-

quent. In many cases, the children are better nursed and educated than they would be at home by bad parents and bad nurses. The objection that foundling hospitals contribute to the corruption of morals is sufficiently answered by the preservation of so many unfortunate beings from destruction. The objection formerly drawn from the great mortality in foundling hospitals, has been removed in a great degree by improvements in the regulation of these establishments, particularly by sending the children into the country to be nursed under proper superintendence.

ORIGIN OF PAUL PRY.—Mr. Poole, the author of the popular comedy bearing this title, gives, in the course of an amusing article in the *New Monthly Magazine* for March, the following account of the original suggestion of the character:—"The idea of the character of Paul Pry was suggested by the following anecdote, related to me by a beloved friend. An idle old lady, living in a narrow street, had passed so much of her time in watching the affairs of her neighbors, that she at length acquired the power of distinguishing the sound of every knocker within hearing. It happened that she fell sick, and was for several days confined to her bed.—Unable to observe in person, what was going on without, she stationed her maid at the window, as a substitute for the performance of that duty. But Betty soon grew tired of the occupation: she became careless in her report—impatient and touchy when reprimanded for her negligence. "Betty, what are you thinking about? don't you hear that double knock at No. 9?—Who is it?" "The first floor lodger, ma'am." "Betty! Betty! I declare I must give you warning. Why don't you tell me what that knock is at No. 54?" "Why, Lord! ma'am, it is only the baker with pies." "Pies, Betty; what can they want with pies at No. 54? they had pies yesterday!" Of this very point I have availed myself. Let me add that Paul Pry was never intended as the representative of any one individual, but a class. Like the melancholy of Jaques, he is compounded of many Simples; and I could mention five or six who were unconscious contributors to the character. That it should have been so often, though erroneously, supposed to have been drawn after particular persons, is perhaps, complimentary to the general truth of the delineation."

THE END OF MILITARY GLORY.—It is estimated that more than a million of bushels of human and inhuman bones were imported last year from the continent of Europe into the port of Hull. The neighborhood of Leipsic, Austerlitz, Waterloo, and of all the places where, during the late bloody war, the principal battles were fought, have been swept alike of the bones of the hero and of the horse which he rode. Thus collected from every quarter, they have been shipped to the port of Hull, and thence forwarded to Yorkshire bone-grinders, who have erected steam engines and powerful machinery, for the purpose of reducing them to a granular state. In this condition they are sent chiefly to Doncaster, one of the largest agricultural markets in that part of the country, and there sold to the farmers to manure their lands. The oily substance gradually evolving as the bone calcines, makes a more substantial manure than almost any other substance—particularly human bones. It is now ascertained,

beyond a doubt, by actual experiment upon an extensive scale, that a dead soldier is a most valuable article of commerce; and for aught we know to the contrary, the good farmers of Yorkshire are, in a great measure, indebted to the bones of their children for their daily bread. It is certainly a singular fact, that Great Britain should have sent out such multitudes of soldiers to fight its battles upon the continent of Europe, and should then import their bones as an article of commerce to fatten their soil.

SINGULAR INCIDENT.—Several years ago there was a charity sermon given out to be preached one Sabbath evening in a dissenting chapel at a seaport town in the West of England. When the preacher ascended the pulpit he thus addressed his hearers:—"My brethren, before proceeding to the duties of this evening, allow me to relate a short anecdote. Many years have now elapsed since I was last within the walls of this house. Upon that evening the pastor of the congregation (of which many now present must have formed a part) addressed his hearers for the same benevolent purpose as that for which I am now about to appeal to you. Amongst the hearers came three evil disposed young men with the intention not only of scoffing at the Minister of God, but with their pockets filled with stones for the purpose of assaulting him. After the Minister had spoken a few sentences, one of the three said '—him, let us be at him now.' But the second replied 'no, stop till we hear what he makes of this point.' The Minister went on for some time, when the second said 'We've heard enough now—throw!' But the third interfered, saying 'He's not so foolish as I expected, let us hear him out.' The preacher concluded his discourse without being interrupted, and went home amidst the blessings of his hearers, and the approbation of God to his heart. Now mark me, my brethren—of these three young men, one of them was executed a few months ago, at Newgate, for forgery—the second at this moment lies under sentence of death in the jail of this city for murder—the other," continued the Minister with great emotion—"the third, through the infinite goodness of God, is even now about to address you—listen to him!"

Ell, or yard measure, was fixed by the length of Henry the First's arm, in 1101.

A something light as air—a look—
A word unkind or wrongly taken.
Friendship! the world had never shook,
A breath—without intent hath shaken.—*Moore.*

I would not wound thy generous breast,
I would not grieve thy noble mind;
Nor break the quiet of thy rest,
By word, or thought, or look unkind.
I would not show thee cold neglect,
For all thy friendliness; nor yet
Abate minutiae of respect,
Nor passing courtesy forget.
O! if I thought a word or look
Had ever caused a transient sigh,
I then would seek thy keen rebuke,
And meet the anger of thine eye.
But that I own my heart disowns
All that could ever trouble thee,
I'd rather meet Fate's darkest frowns,
Than thine averted head from me.
Then let thy smiles forgiveness tell;
Let it be the gracious token,
Assured by its charming spell,
Our friendship still remains—unbroken.

THE ARIEL.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 28.

We were greatly surprised on opening the London New Monthly Magazine for March, to find a flippant article headed "Some passages from the Diary of a late fashionable Apothecary." It is evidently a parody of the powerfully written passages from the Diary of a Physician from Blackwood's Magazine, and a most wretched parody it is. The conductors of the New Monthly, now that the poet Campbell has ceased to edit it, will probably have fewer contributors of talent, and those few should be very cautious how they attempt to cast ridicule on a style of writing which few can hope to attain. The Harpers of New York have stereotyped Blackwood's stories—they may be had in a neat volume at a low price of most of our booksellers.

WASHINGTON IRVING.—This distinguished writer has addressed a very complimentary letter to John F. Watson, Esq. author of the *Annals of Philadelphia*, a work which is now much read and appreciated, but which to future generations will be invaluable, that part at least which is not erroneous. Washington Irving's testimony in favor of the *Annals* is no mean praise. He is decidedly the most successful writer America has produced.—His *Life of Columbus* increases in popularity every day with all classes. With the interest of a romance it combines the advantages of history and biography. We would rather found a title to lasting fame upon the *Life of Columbus* than upon any book we know of recent publication. The *Annals of Philadelphia* will probably live as long, and be quoted for centuries.

SOUTHERN REVIEW.—We have received the first number of the revived *Southern Review*, and find its contents very agreeable, sensible, and well written. Some difference of opinion having been entertained by public writers respecting the last work of the Pelham novelist, the Siamese Twins, we were glad to have our own opinion sustained by the authority of the *Review* in question, which pronounces the poem "a wretched failure."

Audobon's splendid book on American birds is to be published in a reduced form in this city, by James Kay, Jr. & Co. It is well spoken of. The price of the original edition in England is seven hundred dollars a copy! The size of the plates is three feet three inches by two feet two, and they are executed in the finest style. We saw one volume of it some months since, when the author was in this city, and learned with surprise and pleasure that the subscriptions in England warranted a continuance of the work. It is the most splendid production existing. The King of France subscribed for two copies. We trust one copy at least, will be provided by our citizens for the inspection of the lovers of fine arts.

In one year from the present time, Pennsylvania will have 800 miles of canal and 600 miles of railroad in full operation within her borders. We would ask no better trade for a large city, than Philadelphia must enjoy when these grand thoroughfares are completed; throwing foreign commerce, as a means of profit, out of the question,

the enormous population which will be immediately brought to our 15,000,000 of acres of unseated lands, will afford business enough for all. Towns are just about to spring up, having a permanent foundation for their prosperity. We can now almost point to the spot where a second Rochester will be standing five years hence—the ground is now covered by forest trees. Eastern speculators are already laying out their money at points where population is likely to center. The immense quantity of land owned by Philadelphians, which has been a constant expense, is now we trust, about to come to market.

A writer in the *National Gazette* expresses himself very happily on the subject of the new improvements of travelling on land by steam, and relates the following anecdote:—

"The *Sampson* has descended from Manchester with a load of 178 tons, equal to the freight of a goodly ship, and that too in a period of time little greater than is usually occupied by the lighter engines in the conveyance of passengers. A friend of the writer, on leaving Manchester one morning, saw his goods under preparation for transportation to Liverpool. On reaching Liverpool he spent a very short time in town and then repaired to his vessel, where the goods had already arrived, and were in part actually 'stowed away' in the hold."

He illustrates the advantages in saving time thus:

"To see more clearly the curtailing influence of these roads on space and time, let us suppose that at less speed by a third than, in this early stage of locomotive experiment, has been already safely accomplished, a passenger were to set out on a railroad towards the west. He might reach Lancaster in two hours, Pittsburgh in ten hours, New Orleans in less than two days, and return to Philadelphia within a week. At the rate of conveyance ordinarily executed on the Liverpool railroad, the merchant might place his goods in Lancaster in three hours, in Pittsburgh in fifteen hours, and in New Orleans within three days."

The expences of lighting and watching this city are estimated at only \$43,660 per annum. \$37,500 have been appropriated this year for making new pavements; \$11,500 for repaving over water pipes and repairing old pavements; \$5,000 for making, cleaning, and repairing docks and sewers; \$5,000 for distributing among fire companies, &c. How easy it would be to appropriate a few thousands for fountains.

We should despair of doing justice to the many public and private gardens of this vicinity. They have shone out during the past week in all the gay colors of spring—rich in tulips and all the etcetera of Flora's catalogue. The early part of May has been cooler than usual, and our citizens have not yet taken their spring walks. We advise all who have limbs to carry them, all who are involved in the pursuits of the city,

"Which naught of nature hath but the blue sky,
And the throng'd river sweeping to the main,"

to snuff up the pure air of the country as soon as possible, else will they lose a delicious pleasure.

The Winyaw (S. C.) *Intelligencer* confirms the account of a discovery of an isolated bed of gold, valued at \$200,000, an amount, we believe, unprecedented in the history of mines and mining.

Why is a man who is ruled by an ugly old woman, like a piece of meat awkwardly carved? D'ye give it up? Because he is *hag*-led.

ORIGINAL.

FOR THE ARIEL.

THE TOWN TATLER.--NO. 6.

A short time since there was situated in Vine Street a one story frame dwelling, in which resided one of my earliest, my most valued female friends. It has disappeared before the march of building, and the disconsolate, the heart-broken tenant, is numbered with the dead. I attended her wedding in 18— and none of my acquaintance had a more auspicious setting out in life. An establishment in Arch Street, with every convenience and comfort, was the abode of ALICE SMITH; and the greatest happiness a woman can enjoy was possessed by her—a husband who doated on her, and who was respectable and respected. He enjoyed the confidence of his fellow citizens, and was elected to a permanent office with a salary of two thousand dollars per annum, enough for any family whose wishes are not beyond reason—but not enough for a gambler and a sot! Alice's husband had one gift of nature which too often has led its possessor to ruin and disgrace—he had a voice rich and melodious beyond anything I ever heard, and with some taste, he was by far the most agreeable singer I ever listened to.—Fatal possession! It led him into company; company begot a fondness for drink, and associating with men of loose morals, he became in addition a gambler! So powerfully did this latter vice take hold of his mind, that he has been seen during office hours, betting on the highest card while customers of the institution were impatiently waiting to transact the necessary business which he alone could perform. In lieu of returning at the accustomed hour to his evening meal, and cheering the heart of his amiable wife with his presence, he resorted to the gaming table night after night, and scarce left it to catch a feverish nap, ere the morning dawned. A billiard table in Fourth Street near Market was his favorite resort—with shame I write the words, this gambling shop *was* kept in the very house in which the immortal Jefferson penned the Declaration of Independence—I say *was*, for it has long since been broken up, and the mansion converted into a respectable hotel.

The course of a gambler is soon run—money spent in lotteries, and *lost* at the gaming table, rarely returns for any useful purpose; but the picture of a wife who sees her husband going step by step into infamy and disgrace, will never be drawn in the vivid colors which experience teaches. She saw—she *felt* the precipice into which he was sinking, but no murmur escaped her lips. While the canker worm of blighted hopes was preying on her health, no expression but that of kindness escaped her lips. To win back her husband to the path of rectitude was her aim—her ardent wish, and she knew with certainty that harsh measures and threats would never do this. Whenever he returned he found her with a smile of cheerfulness, which none but a brute could resist. He *was* a brute—the conscience heaven had planted in his breast was obliterated by brandy, and he re-

torted frowns, and even blows, for smiles. He at length cruelly beat the wife of his bosom, and in a fit of beastly intoxication, threw a fork at her head, which pierced her right eye. That eye which beamed nothing but mildness was forever dimmed. A fit of sickness was the result, and during its continuance he rarely returned to his home. Before she recovered, he was discharged from his office, and left to the poor comfort he could collect from the boon companions who now took every occasion to spurn him from their revels.

The first duty Alice was called upon on leaving her sick bed, was to superintend their removal to a humble—to *her*, a mean habitation. Here they existed for some time—it was a mere existence, and this could only have been prolonged by the kindness of Alice's friends. Such a state of things was not likely to last long. The husband was found by the watchman one morning at day light, dead at the front door! He had started for home too drunk to do more than reach it, where he fell, and striking a corner of the broken step, a piece of wood work, loosened by time, penetrated his *right eye*, pierced to the brain, and left him a senseless corpse. Here was a specimen of the vengeance which heaven sees meet occasionally to measure out to the scorner of its laws, and the possessor of unbridled passion.

Alice's next remove was to her last sad home, where in sorrow she pined and died.—Too proud by education to beg, she never told her wants, and a poor neighbor has informed me since her death, that she knew Alice had subsisted a whole week on a single loaf of bread! A small school afforded but a pittance more than paid her rent. Last week I attended her to her funeral—the body was wasted by consumption to a skeleton; she had kept her school to the last moment, and died in her chair after a day of great exertion. Next morning the little scholars found her as they had left her, but without life. I was sent for, and can never forget the agony with which I gave orders for the last sad offices of the dead. Born amid plenty, the happy bride whose wedding had been graced by every accompanying rite of elegant hospitality, was consigned to the narrow tomb, with nothing more than the poor attendants of pennyless poverty. On inspecting the room of the deceased, I found the inventory to be scarcely worth taking. No change of clothes—no money, and but a few dollars worth of furniture.—Such was the end of a lovely female, brought to poverty and death by the vices of her husband.

Do my readers recognise anything more than the common lot in the true history which I have painted? We are born, are married, live, and die. But some of us have at least the satisfaction of living beloved, and are not abused by the partners of our affection. The case of Alice is recent and affecting; yet scarcely one of my readers who has reached the age of thirty, but can call to mind some similar case, where an unoffending woman has been torn from her rightful station in society by the act of a brutal husband. Fly then, the "worm of the still," ye youthful votaries of happiness, who desire to live rea-

pected; and as ye value the peace of your own minds, the happiness of those whom you ought to protect and cherish, beware the card and billiard table—and shun every avenue which leads to those haunts of misery, those avenues to eternal perdition.

VARIETIES.

John Wills, Esq. of Lynchburg, Va. has invented a saw-mill, which, by the application of a balance power, may be worked by a force much less than heretofore. Two saws are kept in constant action by the application of less than one half the power usually necessary to work one.

The Manchester papers contain accounts of the death of several individuals, caused by the locomotive engines on the new railroad, but in every instance they were referable to carelessness on the part of the sufferers, or to an accident not incident to the machinery.

A remarkably rich deposit of gold has been discovered about eighteen miles from Charlotte, N.C. The land on which it was found had been examined two or three years without success, but on the 2d ult. there was found in a small space two or three feet below the surface, grains and masses of gold, weighing from ounces and pounds, to pieces of five, seven and eight pounds, in all about one hundred pounds, estimated to be worth about \$20,000. On pursuing the labor of digging the succeeding week, no more gold had been discovered, and it seemed that this deposit was entirely isolated, promising no continuance of the extraordinary development.

REASON FOR WIDOWHOOD.—Mr. Crotchet was left a widower, with two children; and, after the death of his wife, so strong was his sense of the blessed comfort she had been to him, that he determined never to give any other woman an opportunity of obliterating the happy recollection.

John Bicknell, of Buckfield, Mass. says he has invented a boat which is to be propelled by the *weight of the cargo*, without the aid of steam.—Of course the more heavily it is loaded the swifter it goes. It must be like an eel; the stronger you grasp him the quicker he slips through your fingers; or something like the man's fence rails, so crooked they would not lie still. When he is loading his boat at the wharf, no doubt he has to keep it tied fast, or it would be off like a colt that had slipped his bridle. He offers to sell shares, but says nothing about a patent.

PLUGGING TREES.—Professor Ravinisque of New York, confidently recommends the following simple remedy for effectually destroying caterpillars, &c. which prey upon trees:—Bore a gimlet hole in the trunk of the tree one third through, and fill it with the flour of sulphur, then plug it up. The sulphur is carried into circulation by the sap, and is exhaled in a gaseous state, while it poisons and kills all caterpillars and insects on the tree.

NEW IMPORTED FRUIT TREE.—A letter from J. Winship, Esq. of Brighton, Mass. mentions that he has growing in his grounds, a tree near ten feet high, the produce of the seed of the Shephirdia or Silver Capped Buffalo Berry Tree, from Council Bluffs. It is one of the greatest acquisitions of the fruit bearing kind our country can produce; for beauty of foliage, fulness, goodness, and elegance of fruit, it is unrivalled by any new production; the fruit is about the size of the red Antwerp currant, much more rich to the taste, and forms one continued cluster of fruit on every branch and twig.

LITERARY.

ANNALS OF THE PENINSULAR CAMPAIGNS.—We have devoured, rather than read, the whole of the three volumes of the Annals of the Peninsular Campaigns, just issued from the press of Carey & Lea. It is beyond question the best digested history of those eventful military operations, and in so attractive a style as to entrance every reader who gets fairly into the book. The author is Colonel Hamilton, now in this country, and who is also the author of the popular novel of Cyril Thornton.

A thick volume of near five hundred pages, entitled "Outlines of History, by the Rev. John Frost, A. M." has been published by Messrs. Carey & Lea. This volume embraces a concise history of the world, from the earliest period to the pacification of Europe in 1815, and contains, by way of appendix, a large number of questions for examination of students in the outlines of History. Though we may feel in some degree familiar with the prominent events in the history of the world, yet we have read nearly half of this volume with much profit, and whether placed in the hands of learners, (for whom it is principally intended) or of older readers, the lovers of history will find it to group up a long narrative in few words, and in the most intelligible style. We make the following extract, as affording a tolerable specimen of the force and vigor of the author's manner, as well as for the information of our readers:—

"ORIGINAL SEAT OF MAN.—It is, perhaps, a useless inquiry to search after the region in which man was first placed, the paradise of his first days of innocence and happiness. The only historic clew we possess are the names of the four rivers, said in the Hebrew records to have watered the land in which the progenitors of the human race dwelt.—But as no four rivers can be found on the present surface of the earth agreeing in all points with those mentioned by Moses, our safest course is to confine ourselves to the inquiry after the region where those who escaped the last great inundation which has overwhelmed the earth, resumed their destined course of life and occupation. The general opinion, founded on the literal interpretation of Scripture, has long been, that at the time of the flood all mankind perished, save Noah and his family.—Some, however, contend, that the words of the inspired writer are not to be taken so strictly, and that as his information was destined for a particular portion of mankind, it may have been only intended to instruct them in the history of the race to which they belonged, while that of other races may have been passed over in silence. Hence they would infer that we are not precluded by the Mosiac writings from supposing that at the time of the great inundation other portions of mankind may have saved themselves in different manners and places. They therefore look to the higher regions of the earth, and find three elevated ranges in the neighborhood of the three distinct stems into which we find mankind divided. The lofty range extending from the Black Sea to the east of India has been at all times regarded as being, either itself or the lands south of it, the original seat of the Caucasian race. Still more east, beyond Tibet and the desert of Cobi, rises another range, regarded as the original seat of the Mongol race which dwells around it; and the Mountains of the Moon and their branches are thought to point out the primitive abodes of the Negro race. America, it is probable, was not, till long after, adopted for the abode of man. These, however, are all questions of curiosity rather than of historical importance. At the dawn of all history we find the various races of mankind distinct, and no history informs us of the origin of the differences. We have therefore only to consider them in their separate states, or as intermingled with and affecting each other."

ANNALS OF THE PENINSULAR WAR—by the author of *Cyril Thornton*; Carey & Lea, 3 vols. 12 mo. 1831.—So much has already appeared in the literary world, upon the above subject, in the shape of *Memoirs*, *Recollections*, *Campaigns* and *Novels*, that it required no little ingenuity in an author to devise a new title to any work about to be laid before the public. Much had already been done in giving detached facts, much in the way of finished pictures, interesting anecdotes, and pleasurable reminiscences. Imagination had been exhausted, port-folios ransacked, epistolary correspondence denuded, and every mode of catering for the public taste put in requisition by able hands, without satiating the desire for more books descriptive of this highly interesting era. The politician sought in the events connected with this period, the occult causes of the mighty Corsican's downfall. The soldier studied with eagerness new systems of tactics growing out of novel combinations of military manœuvres. The lover of liberty followed with enthusiasm the Guerilla bands through the fastnesses of their beloved mountains—the poet saw with rapture the hidden recesses of the land of cypress and myrtle—of the most relentless and the softest passions—unfolded to his view; and all Spain laid open to the world, excited mingled feelings of contempt and envy, of pity and admiration.

Eagerly, however, as the detached works had fastened upon the public mind; great as was the interest they excited, and increasing as seemed the general desire for new views and fresh exhibitions of feeling in regard to this fruitful region of real romance; all the information as yet given seemed to float in the mental atmosphere as loose and unconnected filaments of a history—vague delineations of occurrences that had transpired at some indefinite period, and which from their wild and chivalrous character, might, unthinkingly, be referred as easily to the 15th as the 19th century. The world was well assured that the events spoken of had happened, but when and in what order, as it had not been consecutively informed, so had it not taken the trouble to determine and arrange for itself.

The existence in the public mind of this body of disconnected information relative to the interesting period referred to, wanted but such a work as our author has given to us, to complete an understanding of all the transactions he has undertaken to develop. The modest title of "*Annals*," which he has assumed, calls not upon him for highly wrought pictures of incidents, nor the stately and dignified style of an historian. All that we may reasonably expect from him is a clear and lucid outline of occurrences in the order of their date, on which full reliance may be placed for accuracy; and deductions impartially drawn from facts as they existed. It is therefore unfair to expect from our author the glowing pictures of our own Irving, who gives to history the interest of a romance, with the same facility that he formerly imparted to fiction the sober appearance of a veritable history. The plan of the present work would have been less valuable had it aspired to such a fame. The author has rather rendered more intelligible facts already delivered—has arranged in proper order circumstances heretofore sufficiently enlarged upon, and given to the general reader a clew by which to thread the labyrinth of facts and reminiscences already spread before the world.

In the execution of this task, the author has been eminently felicitous. We follow him from one military movement to another, sure that we are proceeding in the way of impartiality. His details of battles rendered singularly lucid by accompanying engraved sketches, will be read with high relish by military men;—for although not so rich and warm in the description as our own Lee, yet they are on this very account perhaps, more intelligible and better according with the author's plan. A glowing description of a battle is not always a very lucid one, as the very warmth of the coloring has a tendency to obscure the distinctness of the picture.

But it is not only in giving clear ideas of brilliant actions, and showing off the glory and circumstance of noble daring with high effect, that the author has displayed his powers. The following description of the distress and suffering of the retreating British army under Sir John Moore, previous to the battle of Corunna, is sufficiently melancholy to satisfy the most profound deprecator of military glory.

"It is melancholy to contemplate the condition to which the British had already been reduced. During the march to Villa Franca, the rain came down in torrents; men and horses, sinking through fatigue, covered the roads; and the soldiers whose strength still enabled them to proceed, maddened by the continual suffering of cold and hunger, were no longer under any subordination. In such circumstances pillage could not be prevented. Wherever they came the inhabitants fled from their dwellings, and sought shelter among the mountains. Enormities of all kinds were committed. Houses, and even villages, were burning in all directions. The ravages of the most ferocious enemy, could not have exceeded in atrocity those perpetrated by a British army on their allies.

"At Benevente, an order had been issued by the General, assuring the army, that the only object of the retiring movement was, not to evacuate the country, but to secure a more favorable position. It had, therefore, been constantly expected, that a stand would be made at the almost impregnable defiles through which the army passed after quitting Villa Franca. The country had been traversed by Sir David Baird on his advance; and it was generally held incredible that the retreat should be continued beyond that point. The sufferings which the army had already endured, and the lamentable want of discipline to which the rapidity of the retreat had given rise, tended to strengthen the conviction that the General would gladly avail himself of the great defensive advantages which the country afforded. This hope was disappointed. Sir John Moore saw no safety, but in embarkation; and the retreat was continued with unrelenting speed.

"At every step of their progress, however, the misfortunes of this devoted army seemed to accumulate. The mortality among the horses was excessive; and no sooner did these noble animals become unable to proceed than they were shot, in order to prevent their being serviceable to the enemy. The ammunition-wagons, which had hitherto kept up, were falling one by one to the rear, and the ammunition they contained was destroyed. In the towns, many of the soldiers, in the recklessness of despair, broke into the cellars, and giving way to the most desperate excess, were found dead by the enemy. During the marches, the number of stragglers was enormous. Under different pretexts, whole regiments strayed from their colors; and as often as a store or a wine-house was discovered, scenes of the most revolting character ensued. The enemy's cavalry was continually pressing on our rear, and, under such circumstances, no pause could be made to afford protection to those who, from intoxication or exhaustion of strength, were compelled to fall behind. At Bemibre, in particular, the town, on the departure of the reserve, was filled with these unfortunate wretches. Every

effort was made to save them from the miserable fate which they so madly courted; but in vain. The rear-guard was at length compelled to march. A small detachment of cavalry still remained, in hopes that some, at least, of the victims might be rescued. But the enemy came on in force; and the French dragoons, charging onward through a crowd of men, women, and children, slashed to the right and left with their sabres, sparing neither age nor sex. Never did British troops gaze on a spectacle more appalling than those who, escaping death, came up bleeding and lacerated, and were, by order of the General, paraded through the ranks, as a warning to their comrades.

"It is well that these humiliating circumstances should be recorded. It is well that war should be gazed on in all its aspects, and not unprofitable, perhaps, that such episodes should be commemorated in the emblazoned volume of our victories."

"From Villa Franca the country afforded no field for the action of cavalry; and it was therefore ordered to precede the infantry by forced marches to Lugo, where the leading division was directed to concentrate. Towards this point, also, the infantry were pushed on with increased speed, and, if possible, with augmented suffering. The road was bestrewn with the bodies of men dead and dying. But the agonies of women were still more dreadful to behold. Of these, by some strange neglect, or by some mistaken sentiment of humanity, an unusually large proportion of them had been suffered to accompany the army. Some of these unhappy creatures were taken in labor on the road, and amid storms of sleet and snow, gave birth to infants, which, with their mothers, perished as soon as they had seen the light. Others, in the unconquerable energy of maternal love, would toil on, with one or two children on their backs; till, on looking round, they perceived that the hapless objects of their attachment were frozen to death. But more frightful even than this, was the depth of moral degradation to which these wretched followers of the camp were frequently reduced. Nothing could be more appalling to the heart, than to hear the dreadful curses and imprecations which burst from the livid lips of intoxicated and despairing women, as they laid them down to die. 'I am well aware,' said Lord Londonderry, himself a distinguished actor in the terrible scene, 'that the horrors of this retreat have been, again and again, described in terms calculated to freeze the blood of such as read them; but I have no hesitation in saying, that the most harrowing accounts which have yet been laid before the public, fall short of the reality.'

"On the march to Lugo, detachments of Spanish troops, by whom this precipitate abandonment of their country had not been anticipated, were met escorting convoys of cannon, ammunition, clothing and stores, to the front. These were assailed with outrage and abuse by the British soldiers; and quitting their charge, were glad to escape with their cattle, leaving the carriages to encumber the road. A large convoy, of between thirty and forty wagons, with stores for the army of Romana, was met near Nogales. These were now useless. Some were distributed to the troops as they passed—the remainder was destroyed. Near Constantino the road crosses a hill, which Sir John Moore was apprehensive would be taken advantage of by the French, to annoy the descending column. The rifle corps and horse-artillery were ordered, therefore, to halt on its summit, and obstruct the enemy's advance. The position, thus assumed, was formidable; and, in order to avoid exposure to the British guns, the French halted behind another hill for above half an hour. The reserve in the meanwhile, continued its march; and no sooner had the rear crossed the bridge of Constantino, than the artillery and rifle corps suddenly retired, and the whole passed the river without loss. General Paget, with the reserve, then took post to defend the bridge. The enemy advanced their cavalry and dismounted chasseurs, and endeavored, ineffectually, to force the post. They were driven back by a

well-directed fire. At eleven at night General Paget received orders to fall back on Lugo.

"The distance between Villa Franca and Lugo, was accomplished by the reserve in forty-eight hours. During this march, likewise, a quantity of valuable stores was destroyed, and two wagon-loads of dollars fell behind. Every effort for the further transport of the treasure having proved abortive, the casks containing it were rolled down a precipice, in hopes that the snow might conceal it from the observation of the enemy.

"But even with all these sacrifices, the necessity of repose to recruit the exhausted soldiers became at length apparent to Sir John Moore. At Lugo, the army halted on the sixth; and the General took up a position in front of the town, with the intention of offering battle to the enemy. Never did any measure produce a more striking and instantaneous revulsion of feeling in the troops. Insubordination was at an end,—stragglers hastened to join their regiments,—worn frames became reanimated with vigor; and the promiscuous assemblage of disorderly soldiers, became again invested with all the attributes of a disciplined army."

Upon the whole, we have no hesitation in saying the "Annals of the Peninsular Campaigns" is one of the most interesting and instructive works of this age of voluminous publication, and that no one who dips into these volumes will rest satisfied short of a perusal of the whole.

FOR THE ARIEL.

A SONG.—AIR "Bonnie Doon."

When red clouds deck'd the smiling west,
And the mild red-breast on the spray,
Was chanting ere she sought her nest,
Her soft, melodious, vesper-lay:
I've roved along the flow'ry hill,
With you, the friends of early youth,
And dipt from out the limpid rill,
The symbol of unsullied truth.
And oft when Luna, o'er the scene
Her purest robes of light had cast,
We've sported on the "Village-green,"
With youthful glee, too sweet to last.
No heart was there by woe oppressed,
None knew what 'twas to grieve or mourn,
Sorrow was banished from each breast,
And we on wings of mirth were borne.
The verdant green—the brook—the hill
Are dear unto this heart of mine,
But Newville friends, you're dearer still,
For you I bow at mem'ry's shrine.
When you have sought some fav'rite spot,
A summer eve in mirth to spend,
Will you then cast a ling'ring thought
On one who's now an absent friend.

May 6.

ASPENDIUS.

Many years ago, of course long before cold water associations were dreamed of, Mr. — came into the city upon a warm summer's day. He drank very freely of punch, and on his return found it impossible to sit steady on his horse. In one of his reelings he lost his balance, but by clinging to the mane of his horse, he broke his fall, and came upon his feet. A lad who was in company, asked what he got off for? Oh, (said he,) I only got off to get on better.

It has been advanced, in favor of free trade, that if there were no Custom duties, there could be no smuggling. True! and if there were no property there could be no *thieving*!

"Ferdinand the Seventh," said a distinguished diplomatist, "is decidedly Priest-rid—but his people are absolutely governed by lunatics."—"What else could be expected," replied a friend, "when the very capital itself is *Mad-rid*!"

MISCELLANY.

AN IRISH ANSWER.—It may seem a matter of no extraordinary difficulty to give a plain answer to a plain question; and yet it is an art which evidently requires some trouble to learn. In all half-civilized nations, the inquirer for the most simple thing is met by an enigma for an answer: and, among the peasantry of Scotland and Ireland, civilized as the general communities may be, the system often seems to be studied evasion. This dialogue is the model of thousands in the sister isle:—‘Is this the nearest road to Cork?’ ‘Is it to Cork you are going?’ ‘Yes, but my question is, as to the nearest road.’ ‘Why, this road is as near as that on the other side of the hill; for neither of them is any road at all.’ ‘Then which way ought I to go?’ ‘Oh, that depends on your honor’s own liking. Perhaps you would not like to go back again.’ ‘Certainly not. But one word for all, my good fellow; do you know any thing about any kind of road here?’ ‘There now, if your honor had asked that before, I could have told you at once.’ ‘Out with it then,’ ‘Why the truth is, your honor, that I am a stranger in these parts; and the best thing you can do is to stop till somebody comes that knows all about the way.’ ‘Stupid scoundrel! why did you not say so at first?’—‘Stupid! that’s all my thanks. But why did not your honor ask me if I belonged to the place? that would have settled the business at once.—Take a fool’s advice, your honor, and stop where you are.’

ANECDOTE.—Some months ago, the Rev. James Armstrong preached at Harmony, near the Wabash, when a Doctor at that place, a professed Deist or Infidel, called on his associates to accompany him, while he attacked the Methodist, as he said. At first he asked Mr. Armstrong if he did not follow preaching to save souls. He answered in the affirmative. He asked Mr. Armstrong if he ever saw a soul—no; if he ever heard a soul—no; if he ever smelt a soul—no; if he ever tasted a soul—no; if he ever felt a soul—yes, thank God, said Mr. Armstrong. Well, said the doctor, there are four of the five senses against one to evidence that there is no soul. Mr. Armstrong then asked the gentleman if he was a doctor of Medicine;—and he answered in the affirmative. He then asked the Doctor if he ever saw a pain—no, replied the Doctor; if he ever heard a pain—no; if he ever smelt a pain—no; if he ever tasted a pain; no; if he ever felt a pain—yes. Mr. Armstrong then said there are four of the five senses against one to evidence there is no pain; and yet, sir, you know there is a pain, and I know there is a soul. The Doctor was confused and walked off.

ANECDOTE.—A Major of militia, somewhere in Pennsylvania, who had recently been elected, and who was not overburdened with brains, took it into his head, on the morning of parade to go out and *exercise a little by himself*.—The field selected for this purpose was his *stoop*. Placing himself in a military attitude, with a sword drawn, he exclaimed—Attention the whole!—Rear rank, *three paces back*! He immediately retreated three steps, and tumbled down cellar! His wife, hearing the noise he occasioned in falling, came running out, and asked, My dear have you killed yourself? Go into the house, woman, (said the Major) what do you know about *war*?

THE TRUE USE OF MUSIC.

BY THE LATE REV. CHARLES WESLEY.

This exquisite piece of sacred poetry is, perhaps, as little known as the occasion which gave rise to its composition. Mr. Wesley was preaching one evening at a seaport town in England, where some sailors half drunk interrupted the singing by raising the tune of “The jolly brisk Tar.”—Without losing his temper, he thus pleasantly addressed the intruders, “Lads! if you sing my tune to-night, I will sing yours to-morrow night.” The sailors, with their usual good humor, instantly acquiesced, and in the interval Mr. Wesley wrote the following hymn, which we feel pleasure in rescuing from oblivion, as not more distinguished by the beauty of the composition than by the very valuable instruction which it conveys.

Listed into the cause of sin,
Why should a good be evil?
Music, alas! too long has been
Press’d to obey the devil:
Drunken, or light, or lewd, the lay
Tends to the soul’s undoing;
Widens, and strews with flowers the way
Down to eternal ruin.

Who on the part of God will rise,
Innocent sounds recover,
Fly on the prey and seize the prize,
Plunder the carnal lover;
Strip him of every moving strain,
Every melting measure,
Music in virtue’s cause retain,
Rescue the holy pleasure!
Come, let us try if Jesus’ love
Cannot as well inspire us:
This is the theme of those above,
This upon earth can fire us!
Say, if your hearts are tuned to sing,
Is there a subject greater?
Harmony all its strains will bring,
Jesus’ love is sweeter.

Jesus the soul of music is,
His love’s the noblest passion,
That raises the soul to joys above,
In holy adoration;
Jesus’ name the dead can raise,
Show us our sins forgiven,
Fill us with all the life of grace,
Carry us up to heaven.

Who hath a right like us to sing,
Us who his mercy raises?
Merry our hearts, for Christ is king,
Cheerful are all our faces;
Who of his love doth once partake,
He evermore rejoices;
Melody with our hearts we make,
Melody with our voices.

He that a sprinkled conscience hath,
He that in God is merry;
Let him sing psalms the Spirit saith,
Joyful and never weary;
Offer the sacrifice of praise—
Gratitude never ceasing:
Spiritual songs, and anthems raise,
Honor, and thanks, and blessing!

Come, let us in his praises join,
Triumph in his salvation;
Glory ascribe to love divine,
Worship and adoration:
Heaven already is begun,
Opened in each believer;
Only believe, and still sing on,
Heaven is ours for ever!

LONDON POLICE.

A lady went before one of the London magistrates, and procured a warrant to arrest her husband, who was about to sail for India, where he held a medical appointment. The reporter says:

Reid, one of the parish officers of Marylebone, attended, and a warrant was placed in his hands to arrest the husband. Mrs. Stewart, the lady in question, directed the officer to go to the Jerusalem Coffee-house, where she was certain he would obtain her husband's address. Reid went there accordingly, and learned that Mr. J. Stewart, M. D. belonged to the Medical Establishment in India, lodged at No. 8, Norfolk Street, and to Norfolk Street set, off the parish officer. The address was quite correct. Dr. Stewart lodged there, sure enough. He had a black servant: another proof of his indenture with the individual wanted, for Mrs. Stewart knew that her husband brought a native servant from India with him. The warrant, therefore, was served upon him, and Reid accepted his word for appearing yesterday at the office.

He arrived a few minutes before the lady, and, as soon as Reid introduced him to Mr. Rawlinson, the Magistrate said, Sir, I presume you admit the marriage?

I admit no such thing, (replied Mr. Stewart) I never was married in my life.

Mr. Rawlinson looked astonished, and ordered the deposition sworn to by the lady to be read, in which she stated that she was married in 1826, at the church of Marylebone, to James Stewart.

It can't be possible, (continued Mr. Rawlinson) that the lady would depose on oath to a falsehood. She stated that your brother wrote her several letters, offering her an annuity: do you know any thing of that circumstance?

It is impossible I could know any thing of it, (replied Mr. Stewart) for I hav'n't a brother in England.

Nor does your father live at Brighton?—'Pon my honor de does not.

Do you belong to the Medical Establishment in Bombay?—No, I belong to the Madras Establishment.

Mr. Rawlinson—She stated her husband belonged to the establishment in Bombay. There must be a mistake somewhere.

There must indeed, (responded Mr. Stewart, good humoredly) and a very ridiculous one it is.

Mrs. Stewart now entered the office, and was requested by Mr. Rawlinson to look round and ascertain if her husband was present.

The lady did so; but, after a careful survey of all the faces present, declared he was not.

Why, *there* is Mr. Stewart, madam, (exclaimed Mr. Rawlinson, pointing the gentleman out to her.)

Both looked at each other for some moments with the most perfect astonishment; at length Mrs. S. appeared extremely confused at the mistake, said that she never had the honor of seeing the gentleman before in all her life.

Mr. Stewart.—But you came to my lodgings on Saturday morning, and was very particular in making inquiries after me of my servant.

For which I hope, Sir, you will accept my apology, (replied Mrs. Stewart.) But the description answered so minutely that I was confident I was correct. I even asked your servant if you walked with a slight limp, and he told me you did.

Mr. Stewart offered to pace the room, to prove to the lady's satisfaction that he did not limp; but she assured him it was quite unnecessary, as she was perfectly satisfied he was not her liege-lord and master.

I had only just returned from Scotland, (said Mr. Stewart) and must confess I was not a little astonished at finding a warrant to answer the claims of a lady for alimony whom I had never seen; and to find it sworn that I was married at a church within the doors of which I never was in my life.

Mr. Rawlinson said he was sorry for having detained Mr. Stewart. Indeed, he told the gentleman, before the lady entered, that he might go; but Mr. Stewart said he had rather 'see it out.' He

laughed heartily through the scene, which he met with great good humor; and making the lady his best bow, he wished her "good morning," and retired.

Mrs. Stewart then replied to Mr. Rawlinson respecting her *real* husband, whom she said she had got positive information was at that moment at Brighton; but Mr. R. told her that she must go to Brighton and apply to the Magistrates there, as it was beyond his jurisdiction.

The lady then withdrew.

ON A COMPOSITOR.—An opulent printer in London desired his executors to have the following epitaph inscribed on his tomb-stone after his death:—

No more shall copy bad perplex my brain,
No more shall type's small face my eyeballs strain;
No more the proof's foul page create me troubles,
By errors, transpositions, outs, and doubles;
No more to overrun shall I begin,
No more be driving out, or taking in;
The stubborn pressman's frown I may now scoff,
Revis'd, corrected, finally—*work'd off*.

A formal old gentleman, finding his horse uneasy under the saddle, alighted, and called to his servant in the following manner:—Tom, take off the saddle on my bay horse and lay it upon the ground; then take the saddle from thy grey horse, and put it upon my bay horse, and lastly, put the other saddle upon thy grey horse. The fellow gaped all the while at this long preachment, and at last cried out, 'Lack-a-day, sir, could you not have said at once, change the saddles?'

ANECDOTE.—A negro was bragging to a minister of the amount he had gained the year past by fiddling, and asked if it was not nearly equal to his salary. The Parson said it was. Well, (says Sambo,) I spose I suit de people good deal better.

DOCTORING.—When the Doctors P. and S. eminent physicians, were on a shooting party, they missed every shot for some time. The game keeper requested leave to follow the last covey now on the wing, adding, "I will soon *doctor* them."—"What do you mean, fellow," quoth Dr. P. "by doctoring them?" "Why, kill them, to be sure," replied the rustic.

Why is a surgeon going to perform an operation on a tumour like a dandy sallying forth from his toilet? Because he is going to cut a *swell*.

One of the country correspondents of a London paper, lately wrote to the editor, saying, that "it is with *extreme regret* he is compelled to contradict the report of a murder at Barnet." What a disappointment to both parties.

Distaff spinning was first introduced into England, in 1505.

FOR THE ARIEL.

CONUNDRUMS.

Why is a dandy like a joint of venison?

Because he is a bit of a *buck*.

What key is best for a christmas box?

A *turkey*.

Why do we go to bed?

Because the bed don't come to us.

When is a man over head and ears in debt?

When he has a hat on that he has not paid for.

Why is a handsome woman like bread?

She is often *toasted*.

Why is a man who runs in debt like a clock?

He goes on *tick*.

THE BEE.

Bees gather honey from neglected flowers.

EPIGRAM.

Why should all girls, a wit exclaimed,
Surprising farmers be?
Because they're always studying
The art of husband-ry.

RHYMING THIEVES.—Some short time since a gentleman in Somersetshire, named Hex, had, amongst other fowls, six geese and a gander.—One night all the geese were stolen, and the gander was found the following morning alone, bearing a letter tied round its neck, with a six pence enclosed, and in the letter the following lines:

Pray Mr. Hex
Do not vex
Nor think yourself in danger,
For we have bought six geese
At a penny a piece,
And left the money with the gander.

A NICE MORALITY.—Some time since a gentleman-farmer was bargaining with a pig-driver in Corchester market for two pigs, when the latter, to bestow a good character on the animals, observed, "You'll find them 'ere a couple of as good *moral* pigs as ever you clapped eyes on." "What do you mean, my good friend?" asked the gentleman. "Why, your honor, you'll find 'em as good *moral* pigs as ever was, go where you will for the next." "But what do you mean by *moral*?" "Why, *moral* pigs, your honor; pigs as 'll eat their allowance any day, and do credit to their keeper."

REVENGE TO THE VERY LETTER.

As John and Mary sat at dinner,
Mary exclaimed, in playful rage,
"I'll pinch thine arm, as I'm a sinner,
And make thee suffer, I'll engage."
Said John, "Were we in serious strife,
And you would dare a pinch to give,
I'd give you such a *punch*, good wife,
You'd ne'er forget it while you live."
"A *punch* for but a *pinch*! oh, dear,
That's very hard!" was Jane's reply,
"T'would serve," quoth John, "to point out clear
The difference 'tween 'U.' and 'I.'"

Mr. Amos, in a lecture lately delivered on medical jurisprudence, related the following singular fact:—"I may mention a fact, which of course does not appear in the printed trial. Patch's Counsel, then Serjeant Best, pressed the prisoner, in conference before the trial, to say whether he was not left-handed—but he protested he was not—as the evidence proved that the murder was committed by means of a pistol-shot by a left-handed man; but being called upon to plead, and put up his hand, he answered 'Not guilty,' and raised his left hand."

LITTLE AND MOORE.

A lady having found a copy of Little's Poems under the pillow of her maid's bed, wrote in it,
You read LITTLE, I guess;
I wish you'd read less.
Under which the pert damsel wrote—
I read LITTLE before;
Now I mean to read MOORE.

PANDORA'S BOX.—The Prince of Piedmont was not quite seven years old, when his preceptor,

Cardinal (then Father) Flendel, explained to him the fable of Pandora's Box. He told him that all evils which afflict the human race were shut up in that fatal box; which Pandora, tempted by curiosity, opened, when they immediately flew out and spread themselves over the surface of the earth. "What, Father!" said the young Prince, "were all the evils shut up in that box?" "Yes," answered the preceptor. "That cannot be," replied the Prince, "since Curiosity tempted Pandora; and that evil, which could not have been in it, was not the least, since it was the origin of all."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The advantages of thus acknowledging the receipt of remittances and other favors from correspondents, are so obvious, that we shall continue to pursue it where not requiring too minute or extended notice. Among the advantages may be enumerated a saving of postage, no small item—furnishing to agents as well as subscribers receipts of easy reference, and at the same time materially facilitating the complex and extensive operations of our office, the business of which we find more rapidly accumulating than our clerks can well keep pace with.

Letters from the following gentlemen have been received since our last number was issued:—O. S. B. of E. Attleboro', Ms.—A. D. I. Postmaster, Marietta, O.—I. L. P. Albany, N. Y.—R. H. Surry C. H. Va. (due \$1.50)—I. W. B. So. Coventry, Ct.—I. P. Wheeling, Va.—E. E. W. Concord Meeting House, Pa.—E. M. Barnard, Vt. Yes.—I. H. C. Navarino, N. Y. Instructions followed.—A. P. Cleves, O. Nos. 1 & 2 forwarded.—I. S. Leicester, Ms.—R. M. York, U. C. halves of six ten's Bk. U. S. received and disposed of as directed. Premiums are packed and subject to order, having sought in vain for a conveyance for Canada.—A. D. Wadsworth, O.—Our Port Gibson, (Mississippi) correspondent will doubtless be successful in winning the highest premium. His exertions already bid fair for it, and deserve our acknowledgements.—E. H. Newburyport, Ms.—I. A. Haddam, Ct.—H. H. S. Harmony, N. Y.—Leesville, S. C.—A. C. A. New-London Cross Roads, Pa.—S. R. E. Bergen, N. Y. to whom a specimen has been sent.—G. E. M. Feltonville, Ms.—G. W. B. Westfield, N. Y.—J. R. Cumberland Ford, Ky.—C. M. of E. Fairfield, O. is received, but his directions are so incomplete that we cannot ascertain to what Post Office the papers are sent for which he pays.—J. P. Beckman, N. Y. and we are unable to supply the missing number, the whole edition of Vol. 4 being long since exhausted.—A. K. Lewistown, Ms.—R. M. L. Jr. Galway, N. Y. \$2.—The Postmaster at Medford, Ms. will please remit by mail.—A. B. of Newburyport, has credit in full for all of Vol. 5, as suggested by our friend E. B.—N. H. Marston Mills.—E. W. H. Mauch Chunk.

Our list contains only such as have particularly requested answers, or where replies appeared necessary. All communications received, whether noticed or not, meet with punctual and careful attention.

T. H. of Terre Haute is received, with the enclosure of ten dollars, for which we are much obliged to him.—The papers for new subscribers have been forwarded.

J. T. B. who writes from Fort Adams, thinks his name can be found on our books as a delinquent. We cannot identify it unless informed where the paper was formerly sent, and have therefore given him credit for \$3.50, and J. J. M. for \$1.50, both commencing with Vol. 5.

Subscribers are informed that notes of a less denomination than \$5, if genuine, are received at par in payment of subscriptions.

"Q. Q." who imitates Hood's verses, had better plough the earth; ploughing on paper does not suit his hand.

"The Memory of Erin" has already appeared in our columns.

"Caesar" on the abuses of oyster cellars, had better be sent to our Recorder. We esteem oysters and their vendors too much to appear in any other character than their friends.

"P. T. L." perhaps!—"S. to M. I." when paragraphs are scarce, and perhaps not then.

We shall be pleased to receive the promised Reminiscences of a Philadelphia Fireman.

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